The goodly Hiſtory

of the moſte noble and beautyful Ladye Lucres of Scene in Tuſkan, & of her louer Eurialus verye pleaſaunt and delectable vnto the reder.

(*)

Anno Domini.
M. D. L X.

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The Empe

rour Sigilmond entering into the towne ******* of Scene in Tuskane what honoues he receyued: is all redy euery where published. Hys palayce was prepared at Saynt Marthies chapell, in the strete that ledeth vnto the posterne, called Tophore. After the ceremonys finyshed, when Sigylmond was come thider, foure ladyes in noblenes, facion, age and apparell semblable, dyd mete hym not lyke mortall women: but as goddes, to euery mans iudgemente and yf they had ben but thre they hadde ben too bee rekened theym that

Paris saw in hys dreme. Sigil-
mōd (thoughe he wer aged) was
prone vnto lust, & delyted muche
in deuising with ladyes, and re-
ioised in blandisments of womē
nor nothig was to him more ple-
saunt, thē to be hold goodly wo-
men. Then in aduisynge thē (vn-
like to the rest) he was receyued
from his horse among them and
turnig to his familiers said, saw
ye euer any lyke to these women?
I am in doubt whether these fa-
ces be mankynde, or aungels, but
surely they are heauēly. They ca-
sting their eine to the ground in
blushyng became fayrer, and that
ruddy flushyng in theyr chekes
gaue such a colour to their coun-
tenaunce, as hath the ynd iuery
stoined w the scarlet, or the whit
lilies amōg the purple roses: But
amōg al: Lucres the yong Ladie,
not yet of twenty yeres, shone in
great

great bryghtnes yong maryed in the famyly of the Camilis, vnto a very richmā, named Menelaus vnworthie too whom suche beautye shulde serue at home, but wel worthye of his wyfe to be decey-ued. The stature of the Lady Lucres was more hygher than the other. Her heare plenteous and lyke vnto the goulde wyre, which hanged not downe behinde her, after the manner and custome of maydēs: but in goulde and stone she had enclosed it, her forhed highe of semelye space, wythoute wrynkell, her browes bēte, facioned with fewe heares, by due space deuyded, her eyne shining with such bryghtnes that lyke as the sonne, they ouercame the behoulders loking: with those she might whome she woulde, slee (& slayne) whē she wold reuyue. Strayt as thryede was her noose, & by cuen

deuision parted, her fayre chekes, nothyng was more amiable, thē these chekes, nor nothyng more delectable to behold, wherin (whā she dyd laughe) appeared two proper pytes, whiche no man did se, that wished not to haue kissed. Her mouth smal and comely, her lippes of corall colour, handsom to bite on, her small tethe, wel set in order, semed Cristal, throughe which the quiueryng tonge dyd sēd furth (not wordes) but moost pleasaunt armony. What shall I shewe the beautye of her chynne, or the whitenesse of her necke? Nothyng was in that bodie not too bee praysed as the outwarde aparaūces shewed token of that was in warder, no man beheld her ẏ dyd not enuye her husbande, she was in speche as ẏ fame is, that the mother of Graccus was or ẏ doughter of Hortentius. Nothing

chyng was more sweter, nor so-
berer than her talcke. She prete-
ded not (as doth many) honestye
by heuy countenaūce: but wyth
mery vysage, shewed her sober-
nes, not fearefull, nor ouer hear-
dye: but vnder drede of shame,
she cared in a womans hart Her
apparell was diuers, she wanted
nether broches, borders, gyrdels,
nor rynges. The abilimentes of
her head, was sūptuouse, many
pearles, many diamantes, were
on her figers & in her borders. I
thincke ỳ day ỳ the Greeke Mene
laus feested paris. Helen was no
fayrer: nor Andromaches no more
gorgeus when shee was married
vnto Hector. And amonge those
was Katheryne of Perusia, that
shortelye afther dyed, in whose
funerals the Emperoure was
presounte (and thoughe he were
but a chylde) made her Sonne

knyght, at her sepulchre, & of hey the beautye was also meruelouse: but nothyng so greate, as of Lucres. Her dyd the Emperoure Sigismonde, and all other, prayse and beholde, but one amonge theym, more than ynoughe was sette vppon her.

¶ Eurialus of the contre of Frãconey, whome neyther shap nor ry chesse caused to be vnmete to loue hee was of the age of two & thyrty yeres, not very hyght stature, but of gladsome and pleasant facion, wyth noble eyne, his chekes ruddy and fayre, as the white lylyes among the purple roses his other membres (as who sayed) wa statelines of shape correspõdent to his stature. The other courtiers by lõg warre, were but poore Hee beside his owne substaũce, by familiaritie wyth the Emperoure, receyued daylie rewardes.

Hee

Hee was more and more gorgeous in sighte of menne, and leade a greate trayne of seruaūtes after hym, and he hadde suche a horse (as the tale reporteth) as Memnō hadde, whan he came to Troye. Nothing he wanted to prouoke ỹ fame hete of ỹ mynde, called loue but onlye ydlenes, yet youth lust, and the glad goodes of fortune, wyth whyche thinges hee was well nourysshed, ouercame hym out of hys owne power. Eurialus, as sone as he had sene Lucres he brent in the loue of the Lady, and fyxyng his eyen in her face, neuer thought he to haue sene ynough, yet loueth he not in vaine, it is a wounderouse thynge, there were manye goodly yonge men but Lucres had only chosen this, there were manye goodly womē: but Eurialus had chosen her onlye. Neuertheles, not at ỹ

time

tyme knewe Lucres the fame of Eurialus towarde her, nor he hers, but eche one of theym thought to haue loued in vayne.

THe ceremonyes vnto ỹ Emperoure finished, thee retourned whome, hoole vowed vnto Eurialus, and Eurialus cleue geuen vnto Lucres, remayneth, Who nowe thulde maruell of the tale of Pyramys & Thysbe: betwyxte whome, bothe acquayntaũce and neyghbourhode myghte be entre of theyr loue, & in tyme grewe theyre lowe, These louers Eurialus and Lucres, neuer saue nor hearde afore eyther of other, he a Frenchonyen, and she a Tuskan, nor in these lusenes they occupyed not theyr tõgues: but it was all done with eyene, sythens that the one so pleased the other. Lucres then

wounded

wounded wyth greuous care; and taken wyth thee blynde fyre forgettynge all readye that shee is maryed, hateth her husbande, and with woundes nourysshynge the wounde, holdeth fyxed in her brest the countenaunce and face of Eurialus, nor geueth no maner reste vnto her lymmes, and wyth her selfe sayth, I wote not what letteth me that I can no more cõpanie w my husbande nothyng delyteth me hys embracynges nothynges pleaseth me hys kysses hys wordes anoye me so standeth alwayes afore myne eyen the ymage of the straunger that to day was nexte vnto the Emperour. Caste halas, oh vnhappye, oute of my chast breaste that conceyued flames, yf thou maye, yf I myghte, halas, I shoulde not be as I am, euell at ease. A new kind of strẽgth against my

my wil draweth me, my desyre &
my reason meueth me dyuersly,
I knowe the best, and the worste
I folowe. Oh Noble citezē, what
hast thou to do wᵗ an vnknowne
man? whye brēnest thou in straū-
gers loue? whie seekest thou thy
lust in a straung countrye? yf thy
husband loueth the thyne owne
coūtrye maye geue the that thou
louest. Oh, but what a maner of
face hath he? what womā would
not be meaued wyth hys beauty,
youth noblenes, and vertue? sure
ly I am, and withoute hys helpe
I despayre, God graūt vs better.
Shal I betray halas, the chaste
spousels, and be take me too a
straunger, I wotte not whence?
which when he hath abused me,
shall departe, & shall be an others
and so leaue me behinde, but by
hys countenaunce, it is not lyke
to be so, and the noblenes of hys
mynde

mynde seameth not to be suche, nor so pretẽdeth not the grace of hys beuty ẏ I shuld fere disceit or hys forgettyng of loue. And he shal promise a forehande assured, whye do I dreade? I shall apply it without ferther abyode, parde, I am so fayre that hee wyll no lesse desyre me, than I hym, hee shall be myne for euer, yf ones I maye receyue hym to my kysses. Howe many do woo me where so euer I go? how many ryuals do watche afore my doore? I shall entende to loue, either he shal tary here or at hys departing cary me with hym. Shall I thã forsake my mother my husbãde and my coũtrie mi mother is froward & alwaies againste myne appetites my husbande I had rather wante, than haue, my contrey is ther as I delyte to dwell, but shall I so leese my fame? whye not? what haue

I

I to doo wyth mennes wordes which I shal not here? Nothinge shal he dare, ỳ feareth the threatning of fame. many other haue don the same. Helena woulde bee rauyshed. Paris caryed her not away against her wil. What shal I tel of Dyana or Media? no mã blameth the fauter, that fauteth wyth many. Thus sayd Lucres, nor within hys breaste, nourysshed Euryalus no lesse flames.

IN the myd waye, betwyxt the Emperours court, and Euryalus logynge was Lucreles house, and Eurialus myght not go vnto the pallace, but showing her selfe out of the highe wyndowes, was in hys eyne; but always Lucres blusshed, whan she saw Eurialus, which thyng gaue vnto the Emperour knowledge of the loue.

For

For as by custome he vsed to ryde here and ther, passyng often that way, he sawe the womā chaūge countenaunce by Eurialus comyng, whyche was as next vnto hym as Mecena to Octauyan to whome the Emperour, lokynge asyde, sayde doste thou bren women on thys facyon Eurialus? that woman surely loueth the, and ones in maner as though he had enuied hys loue, when hee came before Lucres house, he put Eurialus cappe ouer hys eyne, thou shalte not se quod he that thou louest, I wyl my selfe vse ẏ syghte. Eurialus aunswered, syr what meaneth thys? I haue nothing to doo with her, but take heede what ye doe least ye bringe suspecte in them ẏ bee here about vs Eurialus was mounted vpon an hyghe rayned couler, wyth a smal head, whose short bely and

fayre

fayre heare caused him to shewe goodlye, wel brested, lusty, & courageous so that herynge ỹ trumpet he could no where reast he receyued the fury of the noise, hys fayre mane honge vppon ỹ right syde, and the ground resowned, beten with his fote, & not muche vnlike him was his maister, whē he had espyed Lucres who being alone, as sone as he hadde sene him, coulde neyther temper the flame, nor her self so the vnhappye Lucres did burne. In meane houses dwelleth chastytye, and only pouertye vsed good affection, and chastye that hanteth small cotages, knoweth not the policies for ryche menne, who ỹ habōdeth ī prosperitye lightlye despyseth vnaccustomed thynges, fyers lust, companyon to fortune hathe chosen delicate houses and statlie mancions. Lucres, that often ty-

tentimes be holdinge Eurialus passyng by, mighte not allwage her ardaũte desyre, busely thinckynge to whome she mygth her selfe discouer, for who ỹ secreatlye brenneth, more gentoullye suffreth. Ther was amonge the seruauntes of her husbande, one Zolias an Almayne alde and faythful to his mayster: whom he had long serued, verye honestlye, him doth she go vnto trusting more to the nacyon than to the man.

The Emperour accompanied with manye Noble menne, wente solacinge throughe the towne, and euẽ nowe did he passe by the house of Lucres whõ whã she knew that eurialus was ther: Come hether quod she Zolias I would speke with the, loke heare oute of the wyndowe, where in ỹ worlde is there onye youthe lyke

this, seest thou howe bryghte a fayre spredde sholders they haue beyoulde theyr bushes and well kempte heares Oh, what faces, what fayre neckes. What noble hartes theyr countenaũces doth pretend this is an other kynde of people than our Countrye dothe brede, they seme Goddes or of heauenlie kynde. O that fortune had geuen me an husbande of one of these, yf myne eyene had not sene them I woulde neuer haue, beleued the, yf thou hadde toulde me of them. yet the fame is that the Almaynes excelleth all other people, and surely I beleue that the colde geueth to them greate whytenes, the countries so drawynge towarde the Northe. But dooste to know anye of thẽ. yea many quod Iosias Thã quod Lucres, Eurialus the Franconyen, dooste thou knowe hym? ye as

myne

myne owne self sayth zosias but why doste ẏ aske? I shall tell the quod shee. I knowe it shal not be disclosed, thys hoope hathe thy goodnes gyuen me. Amonge all thē that are about ẏ Emperour, none pleaseth me lyke hym. In hym my mynde is meaued, I wotte not wyth what flames I burne, I canne neyther forgette hym, nor yet my self apease, excepte that I maye make my selfe acquaynted w̄ him. Go therfore I beseche the zosias, seeke Eurialus, tell hym I loue him, nothing elles I desyre of thee, and yet this shalt thou not do in vayne, What is this quod zosias? shal I eyther do such outrage, or ones thynke it Madame? shall I betrye my Mayster? shall I now olde begyn too deceyue, whiche I haue hated in my youthe? Rather mooste Noble Ladye of thys towne

caste fourthe the wycked furoure
out of thi chaste breste, folowe not
thy cruel hoope, but quenche the
fyre. Hee doth not paynfullie put
backe loue, that resisteth the first
assaultes, but thee that the sweete
yll flaterynge doth nourysche, ge-
ueth hym to the bōdage of a right
harde and cruel maister, nor whā
hee woulde, maye not forsake the
yocke, whiche yf thy husbande
shoulde know, halas vnder what
facyon woulde he tormente ỹ: no
loue can longe lye hyddene.
Houlde thy peace quod Lucres:
there is no fear at all, nothynge
he feareth that feareth not death.
I am content to suffer it what so
euer happeneth, what oppynyon
dooste thou houlde? Oh vnhap-
pie quod Iosias, thou shalt shame
thy house, & onlye of all thi kinne
thou shalte bee adulteresse thyn-
keste, thinkest thou the deade can
be

be secreate. A thousande eyne are aboute thee. Thy mother, yf she do accordynge, shall not suffer thi outrage to be preuye, not thy husbande, not thy Consyns, not thy maydens, ye, and thoughe thi seruaũtes wolde holde theyr peace, the bestes wolde speake it, the dogges the poostes, and the marble stones, and thoughe thou hide all, thou can not hyde it frõ God, that seeth all. Understande that payne is presente vnto a Gyltye thoughte, and the minde, fylled with offence, feareth hym selfe. Faithe is denied in great crimes. Allwage I beseeche the, the flames of wycked loue, feare too mẽgle straunge makes in thy husbãdes bedde, I knowe quod she it is according as thou sayste, but the rage maketh me folow the worse My mynde knoweth howe I fal hedling, but furour hath ouercõ.

a reigneth ouer all my thought
ruleth loue. I am determyned to
folowe the commandemente of
loue, ouermuche alas haue
I wrestled in vaine, yf thou haue
pitie on me, carye my message.
Ful heauie was zosias with this
worde, and sayde to her thus, for
these hoore heares on my heade,
by age, and for the faythfull ser-
uice that I haue done vnto thy
kynne, humblye I beseche ỹ leue
this furour and helpe thy selfe, a
greate part of healthe, is to wyll
to be healed. To whom sayth Lu
cres all shame hathe not forsakē
my mynde, I wyll obeye the zo-
sia, in the loue that canne not be
hyd only the exchuyng of thys yll
is by deathe to preuent the offen-
ce. zosias afeared wyth thys say-
inge moderate quod hee my ladie
the rage of thy vnbrideled myn-
de, tempere thy thoughte, no we

art

arte thou worthye lyfe, when thou iudgest thy selfe whorthie of deathe, I am determined quod Lucres to dye. Collatinus wyfe the faute cõmitted, venged with a swearde. I more honestye shall preuent it, I studye but the kinde of my death, a corde, sweard, fall or poysone, shall reuẽge chastitie one of theese I shall assaye I will not suffer the quod Iosias, quod Lucres who, that determineth to dye, can not belet. Perria, at ỹ death of Bruthus, whan weapõ was taken from her, dyd eat hote coles. If the furoure bee soo frowarde in thi mynde quod Iosias, thy lyfe is rather to be socoured, than thy fame, deceytfull is fame that to the ill, better and to the good worser, is often geuen. Let vs assay this Eurialus, and let vs intende to loue, the laboure shall be myne, and as I thinche,

I shal bringe it to effecte.

With these wordes ỹ kindled thought hee enflamed, and gaue hoope to the doubtefull mynde, but his mynde was not to doe as hee sayde, he sought to deferre ỹ mynde of the womã, to aswage the desyre, as often tymes tyme quencheth flames and sufferaunce healeth diseases. Iosias wẽt with fals truste to dryue her forth tell Emperoure shoulde departe, or shee shoulde chaunge her mynde leaste yf he hadde denied it, it another messãger shuld haue bene foũd, or els the womã shuld haue slayne her selfe, oftentimes therfore hee fayned him selfe to goo and come and that he reioyced in her loue, and sought a conuenyent tyme that they myghte talke together, sometime that he could not speke with him

some

some time he soughte to be sente oute of the towne, and tyll his retourne deferred her glad dayes, so, manie dayes he dyd feede the sicke mynde, & because he shoulde not lye in al thinges, once onelye he brake vnto Eurialus, sayinge O how thou arte here beloued, yet whan he asked what ẏ mente, he answered not. But Eurialus strikē with the secret dart of Cupido, gaue no rest nor sleape to hys lymmes, the fyre so crepte in hys baynes and vtterlye wasted his marye: yet knewe he not zosia, nor thoughte him to be the messenger of Lucres, so haue we all lesse hope then desyre. He whā he sawe him selfe burne, a great while with this wisdom wondered and vnder this facyon oftentymes blamed hym selfe. Lo Eurialus, thou knowest what ẏ rage of loue is, longe playntes, and

thorte laughters, fewe ioyes and manye dreades, alwayes he dyeth, & is neuer deade ẏ loueth. What dooste thou meddle ī vaine at last quod he, all for nought. O wreth, whye stryue I againste loue? May not I do that Julius that Alexāder, that Hanybal dyd and these were worthie warriours. Loke beſydes vpon Poetes, Virgyll drawen vp by a roape, honge in the mydwaye to ẏ wyndowe, trustynge to haue embraced his loue. If anye man wyll excuse the Poet, as a folower of a more dissolute lyfe, what shall we saye of Philosophers, maystres of learnyng, and rulers of good lyuyng. A woman dyd ride Aristotle lyke a horse, and ruled hym wyth a brydle and spurred hym. It is not true that is saide comonlye honoure and loue accorde not togethey. The Empe-

roures

roures pouer is equall with the goodes, & who is a greater louer then hee: They saye that Hercules ỳ was strongest of all menne, and of the race of Goddes the disroyle of the lion and his quyuere layde a parte, toke in hãde roche, and trymmed rynges for his fyngers, and sette in order his rudde buishe, & wyth his hande, where wyth he wõted too carye a mace by tyrlyng of aspyndell he drewe a threde, it is a naturall passyon. Byrdes are brent with this fyre. The turtull and the doue dothe loue. What shall I saye of beastes: The horse meueth battel for loue. The fearfull hearte seketh to fight & by beleuīg sheweth his furour, the fiers Tegre, & ỳ cruel Booze, whettyng his teath, doth vse it. And the Lions of Libia set vp theyr roughe manes, whã loue moueth. The monstures of

the

the sea do kele this heate, nothi
is free, ne nothing vnto lous de-
nied. Hate gyueth place vnto it.
It styred the fyers flames o
youth, and vnto veryage it reuo
keth the dead heate, and striketh
the brestes of maydēs with a brē
nynge fyre. Whye then doo I stry
ue againste the lawes of loue?
Loue ouercommeth all thynge,
and let vs gyue place vnto hym.
¶ Whan these thynges were con-
cluded, he seeketh a bawde too
whome he mighte take her let-
ters to carye to her. Nisus was
his faithfull felowe, and vnderstō
de muche in suche matters. He
taketh the busynes in hande, and
hyreth a woman to whome the
letters were taken, writen as fo-
loweth.

¶ Eurialus vnto Lucres.

I wolde

I wolde sende the greatyng and healthe with my letters yf I had any mi selfe, but surelye, bothe of my healthe and lyfe, the hope hangeth in my handes. Moze than my selfe I loue the, and I weene it is not vnknowne vnto the, my face ofte moysted with teares, maye shewe token of my wounded hzeast, and the sighes whyche in thy presence I haue caste fourthe. Take it wel I beseche the that I discouere me vnto ẏ, thy beautye hath taken me and the grace of godlye hede, wherein thou passest all other, houldeth me, what loue mẽte vnto nowe I neuer knewe, but thou hast subdued mee too thy power of thy desyze, lõge dide I stryue (I confesse) to escape so violente a maister, but thy bzightnesse hath ouercome myne endeuoure, the beamys of thine eyne

passinge

passynge the sonne, hathe ouer
come me. I am taken & am no
moze myne owne, ỹ vse of meate
and drincke thou takest fro me cõ
tynually I the loue, the I desyre,
the I call thee I awayte, thee I
thynche on the trust in, and with
thee I delyte mee, thyne is my
mynde, and with the it is hole:
thou onlye maiste saue me, thou
onelye maiste lese me, the one of
these chuse, and what thou intẽ
dest, wryte it vnto mee. Bee no
moze harde ĩ thy wordes ĩ answe
rynge me, than thou was w̃ thine
eyne in byndynge me it is noo
great thynge that I aske. To
speake cõuenientlye wyth the I
aske, this onelye desyreth mi let
ters. That that I wryte, I may
say afore the this if thou graunt
me, I lyue, & well happe I lyue,
yf not thou sleest my harte that ỹ
more then me loueth. I recõmẽ

me vnto thy good grace, and to the truste that I haue in the. And thus fare well the delyte and re-sydue of my lyfe.

These letters sealed, whē the woman had receyued, haste-lye she wente vnto Lucres, and synedynge her alone, sayde vnto her thus. The mooste Noble of the Emperoures Courte, thy louer sendeth these letters, and prayeth the instātlie to take him vnto thy grace. This woman was noted for a baude, and that kenewe Lucres and tooke it ve-rye displeasauntlye to haue a naughtye womanne sente vnto her, and to her shee sayde, what madnesse hath mey ed the to com to my presence: art thou so bould do entre the houses of noble mē dareste thou prouoke great ladies to violate sacred mariage: thant

canu

canne I holde my handes frō thi eare? bringest thou letters vnto me? speakest thou vnto me? darest thou loke me in my face? If I regarded not more what becōmeth me, thanne what thou deseruest, I shulde so order the that thou shouldest after thys daye neuer carye more letters of loue, entre out of my syghte abhominable queane, & take thy letters whyth the, yea rather gyue thē me, that I maye caste them i the fyre, and snatchinge the paper from her, tare it in peaces and trode vnder her fete, spyttynge at it caste it in ỹ asshes so should thy selfe be punished, baud quod she more worthye the fyre, than thy lyfe picke the hence shortly leaste that my husbande, fyndynge the heare gyue the that that I remitte vnto the, & while thou lyuest neuer come in my syghte. A nother

would

would haue bene afrayd, but she well acquaynted with ỹ maners of women, thoughte to her selfe, nowe wouldest thou moost, whē thou shouldest mooste the cōtrarie, and sayde vnto her forgeue me madame, I thoughte I had not done a mysse, and that it shoulde haue stande with thy pleasure, if it be otherwyse, pardone myne ignorance, if thou wylt not that I retourne vnto the, I shal obey thy commaundemēte, but take ỹ heede what a louer thou forsakest, and with these woordes departed from her, and whē she had founde Eurialus: be of good comforte quod she thou louer the woman loueth more the, then she is loued, but nowe it is was no tyme to wryte vnto the, I founde her sad, but whan I named the, & gaue her thy letters, she made good countenaunce, and kyssed

ſ paper a thouſand times doubte
not thou ſhalte ſhortlye haue an
aunſweare, and thus the olde wo
man departynge, ſhe was well
ware no more to be founde leaſte
ſhe hadde ſuffred for her lyinge.
¶ Trulye Lucres, after the wo-
man was departed ſoughte vp ſ
peeces of the lettre, and ſette eche
in theyr place, and ioyned ſoo the
torne wordes that ſhee made it le
geable whiche when ſhee hadde
redde it a thouſande tymes, a
thouſande times ſhe kyſſed it, and
at the laſte wrapped it in a fayre
naphyn, and putte it amonge her
Iuels, and remembring now
thys worde, now that woorde
contynuallie ſhee looked in more
Ioue, and determined too wryte
to Eurialus, and ſente her lette
on thys faſhyon endyted.

Lucres

Eurialus, leaue to hope, after that thou canste not attayne, leue too bere me wyth thy letters & messangers, thynke not that I am of ỹ sorte that sell themselues, I am not thee that thou takest me for nor vnto whome thou shouldest sende a bawde, seeke for thy luste anothere. No affectione but chastitie shall folowe, with other do as thee lyketh, but of me aske nothyng, for bee thou sure I am vnmeete for the. Farwel.

Thys letter (thoughe it semed vnto Eurialus very harde, and contrarye too thee womannes woordes) yet dyd shewe hym the redye waye howe too sende hys letters, for hee douted not too

truste whome she trusted, but the
ignorance of the Italien toun-
gue combred hym, therfore wyth
busye studye he learned it and be-
cause loue made him diligent, he
was in Corte whyle cummynge
and hym selfe alone enioyted hys
letters, whyche afore he was
wonte to borowe, whā hee shulde
wryte anye thynge in Italien.
He answered than to Lucres
that she shuld not be displeased
wyth hym, bycause he sente an
vnhonest womanne to her, sith
hee as a straunger knewe it not
and coulde vse none other messa-
gere. The cause of hys sendyng
was hys loue, desyrynge no dis-
honestye, hee beleued her very
honeste and chaste, and so much
more to bee beloued, and that vn-
honest womenne and ouer lyb-
rall of theyr honour he dydde no
onelye not loue: but also greatly
hate

hate, for chast itye, soste; nothing is a woman no to be preysed, for bautye is a delectable plesure, & a frayle, and noughte to be estemed wythoute honestye, & that he that honestye wynneth wyth beauty, passeth in both giftes, & that therfore he did honoure her and onlye he desyred to speake wyth her, that he myght by hys wordes declare hys mynd, that he coulde not by his letters.

With suche manere of letters he sente her a tokene, not onlye ryche in value, but excellent in the workmanshyp.

¶ To these letters Lucres thus answered.

(*)

I haue receyued thy letters: nor it is not the womanne nowe I blame the for. That thou louest mee I esteame not greatlye, for thou arte neyther alone, nor the fyrste whome they saye my beatye hathe deceyued. Manye haue loued me, & do loue me, but thy laboure as well as theyres shalbe in vaine, I nether can nor wyll talke wyth the and excepte thou were a swalowe thou canste not fynd me alone. The houses be hyghe, & the gates be kept. I haue takene thy token for that the faci one pleaseth me, but because I wyll nothynge of thyne for noght, and that it shall not be as a tokene of loue, I sēde therynge, whiche my husbande gaue my mother, that it maye be to the as pryce of thy Iuels for it is of no lesse value than thy gyfte. Farewell.

To

TO these letters Eurialus replied. Great confort were * * thy letters vnto me ẏ thou complaynest no more of the womane. But that thou settest thy loue so lyght, greueth me sore for though many do loue the, none of theyr loue is so feruent as myne, but thou beleuest it not, for ẏ I may not speke with the, but yf I myght, thou shuldest not wey it so lyght. Would to god as thou sayest, ẏ I myghte be aswalowe; ye, or a lesse thinge, that ẏ myght not shytte thi wyndowe agaynst me, but my most grefe is not that thou can not, but that thou wilt not. Ah my Lucres, what meaneth that thou wylt not, yf thou myghte woldest thou not speake wyth me that am all thyne? and that nought desyreth so much as to please ẏ. If thou bydde me goo into ẏ fyre, I shal soner obey thou

thou shalte commaunde. Sende me worde I beseche the, that yf thou myghte thy wil were good. Geue me not death with thi wordes, that mayste gyue lyfe vnto me with thyne eyene. If thou wylte not speke wyth me because thou may not I am content, but chaunge that woorde. I praye the that sayest my laboure shal be in vayne, God forbyd in ỹ suche cruelte. Be I beseche the the more gentteller to thy verye louer, yf thou continue so, thou shalte slee me, and bee thou sure, soner thou wyth a worde, then another wyth aswoorde. I aske, thou hast none excuse, no man cannne forbyd the that, saye thou louest me, and I am happye that my tokene remayneth wyth the, howe soeuer it be I am glad of it it shall sometime remember the of my loue, but it was to simple,

and

and that that I send the now is
lesse, but refuse not thou that thi
louer sēdeth the, I shal haue out
of my country dayly better. when
they come, thou shalt not lacke
them. Thy ryng shal neuer part
from my fynger, and in stede of
the I shal moyst it with cōtinual
kysses. Farewel my health, and in
that thou maye healpe me.

¶At ỹ last after many wrytings
and answeres Lucres sent hym
such a letter.

¶Lucres to Eurialus.

I wolde fayne Eurialus do
the pleasure, and as thou
.... desirest, reward the with
my loue, for that asketh thy No-
blenesse, and thy condicions de-
serueth it, that thou shuldest not
loue in vayne, besides thy beauti
and goodlye face but it is not for

me

me to loue the. I knowe my self, if I begyn to loue I shal neyther keepe measure nor rule. Thou canste not longe be heare, and yf I fal vnto the, I canne not lacke the, thou wouldest not take me w thee and I surelye woulde not longe tarye behynde the. Manye exāples do meue to refuse a straū gers loue. Iason that wanne the golden stece by Mrdeas councel, for soke her. Theseus hadde bene cast to the Minaturs had not the councel of Adriana healped him, yet did he leue her behinde him in an I lande. What became on the vnhappye Dido, that receyued ẏ wandering Eneas. Was not her loue her death? I know what pea rill it is to receyue a straungers loue, nor I wyll not put me into suche hasardes, you menne are of more stronger mynde, and soner can quēce the fyre. A womanne

whan

whan he begynneth to loue, one
lye by death maketh an ende. wo
men rage, they doe not loue, and
except the they be answared w loue
nothing is more terrible, after y
fyre be kyndled, we neythey re
gard fame nor lyfe. The onelie re
medye is the obtayninge of the
louer, for that y we moste lacke,
we moost desyre. For we feare no
daunger for our appetytes. I
than synce am maryed and vnto
a noble ryche mā, am determined
to exclude all loues, and speciallie
thine which can not be continal
least I be noted as Philis or Sa
pho. Therefore I desyre the no
more to aske my loue, & lyttle by
little to asswage & quenche thine,
for it is more easy to meane then
to women, nor thou yf thou loue
me as thou sayest, wouldest not
desyre that that should be my de
struccyon. For thy token I sende
the

the a crosse of golde, sette wyth pearles, which thoughe it be litle is of some value. Farewel.

¶ Eurialus to this letter helde not his peace, but as he was wt the newe wrytynge kyndeled, so tooke he the penne in hande, and vnder this forme folowynge endyted a letter.

¶ Eurialus vnto Lucres.

HOnour and helth be vnto my deare harte Lucres, he that geueth mee helth wyth her letters, thoughe they be medled some what wyth galle, yet I trust when thou hast heard mine thou shalt withdraw it. Thy letters are come to my hands sealed, whiche I haue red oftētimes and kyssed as oft. But it semeth to meane another thig than

than thy minde wold. Thou desi-
rest me to leue to loue, because it
is not mete for thee to folowe a
straungers loue, bryngingeram-
ples of such ẏ hath bene so decey-
ued (so eloquẽtly) ẏ I must rather
wonder of the, then forget the.
Who would then leaue to loue,
when he seeth such wit and lear-
nyng in hys maystres? yf thou
woldest haue swaged my loue
thou shuldest not haue shewed
thine eloquence, for that it is not
too quẽche the fyre, but too make
it rather flame; the more I reade
it, the more I burned, seynge thy
beauty & honesty so ioyned wyth
learning but it is in vayne to de
syre me to leaue to loue the. Desy
re the hylles too bee come plaine
and the ryuers to retourne into
the spinges. For aswell maye I
leaue to loue, as the sonne hys
course. Ẏ the hyghe moũtaynes

maye

may wãte snowes, or ẏ sealishes, yf the forestes may wante Dere, then maye Eurialus forgeth the. Mẽ are not so prone as ẏ wenest Lucres, to quenche theyr desires, for that ẏ thou geuest vnto oure kynde, men do ascrybe it vnto youres, but I wyl not vndertake that to debate, to that must I answere whiche toucheth me neare for ẏ deceytes of other, ẏ bringest in exãples wher by ẏ wilt not rewarde me w̃ thy loue. But more are to be brought mi lucres, whõ womenne hathe deceyued Troylus by Cresyde. Deiphus by Helena. And Circes by her enchauntementes deceyued her louers, But it were not accordynge, by ẏ dedes of a fewe, to iudge all the rest. Shuldest thou for a certaine yll man abhorre and accuse all menne? Or I for manye yll women hate all the rest? nay, rather

lette

lette vs take other examples. as was of Anthonius and Cleopatra, & of other whome ỹ thynges of my letters letteh too reherce, but it is red ỹ the Grekes retournyng from Troy haue bene holden by straungers loues, nor neuer haue come to theyr coũtries, but tarryed with theyr loues, contente rather too wante theyr frẽdes their houses, theyre reygnes, & othere deare thynges of theyr countrie, than too forsake their Ladyes. Thys I beseche ỹ my Lucres remẽber and note those few thinges that be against our loue. So do I loue the, to loue the alwayes, & euer to bee thyne. Nor call me no straunger, I pray the, for I am rather of thys contrye, than he ỹ is borne heare, sythens hee is but by chaunce, and I by myne owne choyse. no coũtrye is myne but where thou arte. And

thoughe

thoughe I departe at anye tyme
my retourne at all be shorte, not
I shall not retourne at all into
my countrey, but too sette ordere
in my busynesses; that I maye
dwell longe with the, wherefore,
occalyon maye be founde sonne
inough The Emperour hathe
muche to do in these partyes the
charge wherof I wyl sue to haue
sometyme as ambassadoure, so-
metyme as commyssyoner, and
he must haue a lieuetenaunt in
Strucia, and that wyll I optai-
ne. Doubte not my delyte, my
hearte, and my only truste. If I
may lyue yet pytie thy louer that
melteth lyke snowe afore the.
Sone consyder my trauayles, &
nowe at last set an ende to my
tormentes, whye punishest thou
me so longe I wonder of my self
howe I haue suffered so many
cuyles howe I haue waked so
manye

manye nyghtes howe I haue for
borne my meate & my drynke so
long beholde howe lene I am, &
howe pale, a small thynge is it ẏ
holdeth the life within my bodie,
yf I hadde slayne thy Parētes or
thy chyldren, thou couldest pu-
nyshe me no sorer, yf thou so hā-
dle me for that I loue the, what
shalt thou do too them that haue
offended the Ah my Lucres, my
Ladye, my healthe, and my socou
re take me vnto thy grace, and at
laste wryte vnto mee that I am
thy beloued, nothyng I woulde
els, but that I myght saie I am
thy Seruaunte. Pardye boothe
Kynges and Emperoures loue
theyr saythefull seruauntes, nor
the Goddes disdayne not too
knowe them that loueth theym.
Farewel my trust and my dreade,
¶ Lyke as towre craked wythin,
so wndynge outwarde impre-

uyble, yf a piece of ordonnaunce
be shotte againste it, furth with
it rente in peces: So was Lu-
cres ouercome with Eurialus
wordes, for after shee hadde
perceyued the diligence of the
louere, her dissymbled loue she
declared with suche letters.

¶ Lucres to Eurialus.

I May noo moore my Eu-
rialus resiste thi requestes
* * * nor longere witholde my
loue from the. I am ouercom
vnhappy woman, by thy letters
whiche yf thou obseruest nat, a
cordynge to thy wryting, thou
shalt be of al periured traitours
the worst It is easy too deceyue
Woman, but soo moche, is it thy
more shamefull, nowe that I am
com

come into thy loue, and as a wo-
man can consyder but lytle, thou
that art a man, take charge both
of thy selfe and of me. Thyne I
am, and thy faith I folow, and
thyne wolde I nat be, except it
were for euer. Farewell the staye
and leder of my lyfe.

After thys were many letters
wryten on both partyes, and Eu-
rialus wrote nat for behemen-
tye, as Lucres dyd answere fer-
uently, and that had both one de-
syre of their metynge, but it se-
myd harde, and almoost impos-
sible, sith ens the eyen of euery
body dyd beholde Lucres, which
neuer went forth alone, nor wā-
ted a keper. Argus neuer kept
Junos Cow so dilygently as Me-
nelaus caused Lucres too bee
kept. Thys vyce is of property to
the ytalicns, to shytte vp theyr

 wyues

wyues as theyr treasour, and on my fayth (to my iudgemente) to lytle purpose, for the mooste part of women be of thys sorte; that mooste they desyre that mooste too them is denyed, and whan thou woldest they wyl nat, and whan thou woldest nat, they walde and yf they haue the brydle, at liberte, lesse they offende so that it is as easy to kepe a woman against her wyll as a flocke of flies in the hete of the sonne, excepte she be of her selfe chaste. In vayne doth the husband let kepers ouer her, for who shal kepe those kepers. She is crafty, and at them lightely she beginneth, and whan she taketh a fantasy, she is vnreasonable, and lyke an vnbrydeled mule.

¶ Lucres had a brother in law he caryed her letters, and was of councell in her loue with him she had

hadde appoynted to shyt pryuely Eurialus in hys house, and he dwelled within his stepmother, ỹ was Lucres mother, whom Lucres dyd oftentymes vysyte, and was also of her oftentymes vysyted, for they dwelt nat farre asõder. Now thys was the order of it. Eurialus shuld be shyt in the parler, and after the mother was gone to the chyrche, Lucres shulde com as it were too speke with her and nat fyndynge her, shulde tary for her retourne, in ỹ meane tyme she shulde be wyth Eurialus, thys shuld bee wythin two dayes; but these two dayes were two yeres to the louers for to them that hoppe well, the houres be longe, and to them ỹ trust lytle, they be as shorte, but fortune folowed nat theyre desyres. The mothere mystrusted, and at that daye whan she went forth,

shyt her son in lawe oute, whiche
broughte to Eurialus the heny
newes, to whom the displeasour
was no lesse, than too Lucres,
whiche whan she sawe her craft
perceyued, let vs go quod she and
ther waye to worke, yet shall nat
my mother lette my appetyte.
One Pandalus was her husban
des consyn, whome shee had also
made pryuy of her secretes, for ẏ
flaming mynde myght no where
rest. She aduertysed Eurialus to
speke with him, for he was trusty
and could synde well a meane for
theyr metyng, but Eurialus
thought it nat sure to trust him,
whō he sawe alway w̄ him. Me-
nelaus fearing therby deceyt. In
taking deliberacyon, he was sēte
by te Emperour to Rome, to de-
termyne wyth the pope for hys
Coronacyon, whiche was bothe
vnto him and her greuous, but it
must

must be obeyed, so was his Journeye two monethes long. In the meane tyme Lucres kepte her house, shit vpper her wyndowe, put on sadde apparell, and noo where wēte she forth, euery body maruelid, & knewe nat ẏ cause, sithem the wyndowes of ẏ towne shewed thē self, & they of ẏ house thought them self in darkenes, as though they hadde, wāted the sonne, seynge her often on her bedde, and neuer merye, thought it sycknes, and sought all remedes that myghte be, but shee neuer neyther saught nor cam out of her chambere, tyll tyme shee knewe that Eurialus was come to the presence of the Emperour, for than, as waked out of a slepe shee layd a parte her sad clotes, and dressed with her former gorgeousnes, opened her wyndowes gladly lokynge for hym,

whome whan the Emperoure sawe, denye it no moze quod Eurialus, the mater is percepued, neuer man in thy absence myght se Lucres now ẏ thou art come, we maye se the bryghte mornyng what measure is in loue: it cannat be cloked noz hydden wyth hemmes.

Ye mocke syr quod Eurialus, and fynde youre laughtere at me I knowe nat what it maneth, ẏ naythyng of youre horses hathe perauenture wakened her, and whan he hadde said, priuelye he behelde Lucres and fired fast hys yen in heres, and that was theyr fyrst salutation after his retourne. Shortely after, Nisus Eurialus trusty frende dilygently pursuyng his frendes cause, founde a Tauerne, whiche behynde Menelaus house hadde a wyndowe towarde Lucres chambre. He ma-

keth

seth the tauerner his frende, and
whā he had voyde the place brin-
geth thyther Eurialus, sayenge.
out of this wyndowe mayst thou
speke w̄ Lucres, betwyxte bothe
houses was a darke canell, which
no man cam too, deuydyng Lu-
cres wyndowe from the chābre,
by the space of thre elles. Here sat
the louer awayting yf by chaūce
hee myght se her and he was nat
deceyued, for at last she came to
the wyndowe and lokyng here &
there, what doost thou quod Eu-
rialus, the nourysshe of my lyfe,
whethere tournest thou thyne
eyene, my dere hart: hyther tour-
ne theym I pray the, loke hether
my helth, behoide, thyne Euria-
lus is here, I myself am here.
Art thou here quod Lucres: Oh
my Eurialus, nowe may I speke
with the, and wold god I myght
embrace the. It shal nat nede no
great

great busynes quod Eurialus, I shall sette to a ladder, opene thy chambre to longe haue we differred thee inioynyng of oure loue, Beware of that quod she my Eurialus, yf thou loue my lyfe, here is a wyndowe on the ryght hāde and a very yll neghbour, and the tauerner is nat too bee trusted, that for a lytle money wolde peraduenture betraie both the and me, but let vs worke otherwyse, it is inough yf here we may talke togithere. But this is deth to me sayeth Eurialus, without I myghte in myne armes embrace the. In this place dyd they talke longe, & at the laste rechid eche to other tokens vppon a rede, and Eurialus was no more liberall in his gyftes thā Lucres was, zosias perceyued ẏ crafte, and saydo to hym self. In vaine do I resiste the myude of the louers, & except

I

I prouide wysely, my maistres is
vndone, and the house shamed for
euer of bothe these ylles, it is best
to withstāde the one, mi maistres
loueth, yf it be secrete, it maketh
no mater, she is blynde for loue
& seeth nat. well what she doeth.
yf chastytye can nat be kepte, it
is inoughe too hyde ẏ noyse, leest
the hole house be slaundered, or
leest there be any murdre done, su
relye, I wil goo to her, and helpe
her while I myght I dyd with-
stande that no offence shulde be
done, and bycause I myght nat,
it is now my parte to hyde that
that nedes wyl be, leest it be kno-
wen. Laste is an vniuersall reig-
nyng myschief, nor none there is
nat infected wyth this sycknes
and he is Judged moost chaste ẏ
is mooste secrete. And thus thyn-
kynge wyth hym selfe, Lucres
ran out of her chambre, & zosias
metynge

metynge here, sayde thus. What
meaneth it that thou deuisest
me no more of thy loue: and ne
uertheles Eurialus is beloued of
the, take hede whome thou tru
stest. The first poynt of wysdome
is, nat to loue at all. The next
that at the leest it be secrete, and
thou alone without a messāger
canst nat doo it. In what truste
thou mayst putte me in, by longe
tyme thou haste lerned, yf thou
wylt truste me, tell me, for my
most care is, leeste thys loue, yf
it be knowen, thou shalt suffere,
and thy husbande most of all. To
this answered Lucres, it is as
sayest Josias, and I trust the mo
che, but me thought I wote nat
howe negligence, and agaynste
my desyre. Nowe that thou offe
rest thy selfe, I wyll vse thy dili
gence, and I feare nat to be dece
ued of the, Thou knowest howe I
burne

burne, and longe I maye nat endure this flambe, helpe me that we maye be togythere, Eurialus for loue languyssheth, and I dye Nothinke is to vs worse than to lette oure appetytes, yf we maye ones mete togither, our loue shal be more temperate, and it shall wel be hidde. Goo than and shew to Eurialus ỹ only waye to come to me, yf he wil withyn these foure dayes, whan the vyllaynes bryng in whete dysguyse hym lyke a porter, and clothe hym selfe in sacke clothe, & carye the corne in too the garner. Thou knowest my chambre hath a backe doore by the lader, tell all vnto Eurialus, and I shall wayte for hym and whan tyme is, I shalbe alone in my chamber, & whan he is alone let him put opene the doore & come into me. Zosias thoughte it were a hyghe mater, seryng a worse,

taketh

taketh in hande the busines, and
fyndyng Curialus appoynteth
wyth hym ỹ order of euery thyng
which hee as lyghte thynges glad
dlye accepteth, and maketh hym
redy to this message, and nought
plaineth but of lõge abode. O in-
sencible brest of a louer. O blynd
thoughte. O hardye mynde and
vnfearful hert. What is so vnac-
cessyble that thou thynkest nat
open inoughe? what way so scha-
pe that the semeth nat playne?
what is so close that is nat to be
vnclosed? thou settest lyghte all
daungers, thou fyndest nothyng
to harde, vayne is ỹ Jelousye of
husbãdes of husbãdes against ỹ
neyther lawe no feare doth hold
the, to no shame arte thou subiec-
cte, to ỹ al labours is but playe.
Oh, loue, subduer of all thynges
a noble man derelye beloued of
the Emperour, ryche, of good age
well

well lerned and of great wytte;
thou bryngest in that case, that
purple layde a parte, he clothes
him in sacke cloth, he dissembleth
hys owne face, and of a mayster,
is becomen a seruãt and he that
deliciously hath bene nourished,
nowe dresseth his sholders for the
burdene, and letteth hym selfe to
hyre for a comon porter, Oh
marueilouse thynge and almoost
incredyble, to se a man, in other
thinges a graue coũceller, amõg
the companye of boystous por-
ters pressyng hym selfe among
suche rashall people; who wyll
seke a greater charge? This same
is it that Ouide meaneth in hys
trãsformacyons, whan he telleth
how womẽ became beestes, stones
or trees. That same is it yͭ noble
Poete Virgyll meaneth whan he
telleth how circes enchaũted her
louers into beestes for so feareth

it by

it by loue, so is the minde of man therby chaunged, that lytle he differth from a beest.

The morynge forsakyng the golden bed of Titan, reduced the delyted day, and shortely the sonne declaryng the colour of eche thinge reioyced the wayfer Eurialus, that thought him than happy and fortunate, whan he sawe hym selfe among the vyle portours, so goeth he furth into the house of Lucres, charged hym selfe wyth whete & settyng it in the garner, discēded last of the cōpany, and as he was taught, the doore of the chambre the was put to, he thrust opē, and went in, and shyttynge the doore after hym, he foūd Lucres about sylkworke and comyng towarde her god spede quod hee my dere

herte

herte and the only helpe & hope of my lyfe, Lucres, thoughe shee hadde appoynted hys matter, at the firste sight, was som what abasshed, and thought that it hadde ben rather a spyryte, than her louer Eurialus, for she coulde nat well beleue that suche a man as he wolde aduenture such ryskes but afterwarde in kyssynge, & embracynge she knewe well Eurialus, and sayd. Arte thou her quod she poore pouretour, arte thou here myne owne Eurialus and than she straynyng hym strayter, lokyng in his face, began her wordes agayne thus Alas quod she my dere herte Eurialus, what daungers haste thou aduentured, what shall I say now, I perceyue I am most dere vnto the, I haue made proffe of thy loue, and thou shalte neuer fynde me none other wyse vnto the. God sende

ys only good lucke, at in our loue
& while the spyryte shall ryle my
lynnes, none shalbe before the
wythe Lucres, no, Nat my hus
bande, yf I call hym ryghte: My
husbande that was gyuen me a
gaynste my wyll: where to my
minde neuer cõsented. But nows
I beseche the my Eurialus, cast
away this sacke clothe, & shewe
vnto me as thou art, put awaye
thys pourtours garmẽt and laye
awaye these ropes. Let me se my
Eurialus, thã he cast of the sylly
apparell, and shone all in gold &
purpull, and began to entende bu
sely to the office of loue, whanne
so as scrapinge at the doze, saide
take hede ye louers, Menelaus se
dynge I wote nat what, cometh
hyder hyde all thynge prynely for
dout ye can nat shame. Than quod
Lucres there is by the bedde a
derke closette where be Iuels,
thou

thou wotest what I wrote vnto the, yt my husbãde came in, whyle thou were wyth me goo thou thyther, there thou mayst be sure in the derke, and neyther styre nor spytte, Eurialus beynge in doubte what he shuld do folowed the womãs byddynge, she set opẽ the doze, and went to her worke. Ther cam Menelaus, & one Bertus a scrytener with him, to seke thynges that belonged to the comon weale, whiche whan they were nat in dyuers boxes founde they are perauenture quod Menelous in the closet. Go Lucres, and fetche a lyght for to seke here with this worde, Eurialus was sore afrayd and beganne strayte to hate Lucres, and to hym selfe sayde. Thy fole that I am. Who caused me to comme hether, but myne owne lyghtenes. I am taken, I am sparned. I shall lese

the Emperoures fauoure, what for fauour? I wold God my lyfe were safe. Howe shall I scape a lyue? I am sure too dye. Oh vayne, & of all fooles mooste folyshe, I am fallen in to theese bryeres wylfullie, to what purpose is the enioyinge of loue, yf it be bought soo deare? the pleasures be shorte and the doloures infinite. Oh yf we woulde endure, these thinges for heauen, it is a maruelous folyshnes of men that forsaketh lyghte laboures, for longe ioyes and for loue, whose ioyes be comparable to smoke, wee putte our selfes into extreme daungers, Loo, my selfe nowe shall I bee a tale and example to euerye bodie and knowe not what ende shall becōme of it, if anye Good sainte woulde healpe me hence, neuer agayne shall suche laboure decette. O good Lorde healpe me hēce

and

and pardon my youthe. Remember not myne ignoraunces, but saue me to repente me of this faute. She hath not loued me, but as a dere hathe takene me in the net my daye is come, no man maye helpe me, but thou good lorde. Ofte haue I herde the deceytes of women, & I could nat eschew it, yf I escape now there shall neuer no crafte of women deceyue me. But Lucres was all yll combred, that fearyd as moche hys helthe as her owne, and as womens wyttes is more redye than mannes in sodeyn peryls, hadde founde a remedye. Come hether quod she husbāde, here is a caskee in this windowe, wherin I haue sene you put dyuers thynges of charge, let vs se yf the wrytynge be there, and runnyng as it were to opene it, ouerthrewe it into ẏ strete, & as it had ben by chaunce,

alas quod she, come hethere, hus-
bāde leest we lese any thynge, the
casket is fallen oute of the wyn-
dowe, go quyckely, leest anye Je-
wels or wrytynges fall oute, go
goo for goddes sake, why tary ye?
I wyll loke oute ẏ noo man take
nothyng. Se the desceyte of the
womanne nowe truste them har
dely, no man is so circumspecte,
that can not be deceyued, he was
neuer kyndlye deceyued, whome
his wife neuer assaied to deceiue,
we are ofte more fortunate then
wyse. Menelaus & Bertus abas-
shed with this same ranne bothe
hastely into the strete, the house
was high after the Italian faciō
and manye steppes downe. Whe-
reby Eurialus had space to chaū-
ge & putte hym selfe by her coun-
cell into another darcke corner.
They when they had gathered ẏ
wrythinges & the iewels, because
they

they foud not that ꝑ they sought, wente into ꝑ closette, where they founde it, and so byddynge her farewel, departed, & she barred the doze. Come forth q she Eurialus come forthe mi dere hart, and the summe of my ioyes, come the wel of my delytes, and spryng of my gladnes, all thynge is sure, we may talke at lyberty & nowe is ꝑ place sure for our embracynges, fortune woulde haue letted oure kyssynges, but God hath fauoured oure loue, and hathe not forsaken so faithful louers, why tarryest thou: here is thy Lucres, whie letteſt thou to embrace her, Eurialus at ꝑ last forsaking high feare, clapseth her wyth his armes. I in my lyfe quod he, was I neuer so fered, but thou arte well worthy for whome suche thinges shulde be suffered. These kyssynges & swete embracings q

he, no manne shulde haue lost nought, nor, I (too saye trouth) haue not bought deare ynought soo great a pleasure. If after my death I myght liue, bsynge thy cõpanye, a thoulãde times wolde I dye to bye thy embrachynges so oftene. O howe happye and howe blessed, is it a bision, or is it in deede: do I hold in myne armes: or o I dreame: surelye it is thy selfe, and the I haue. Lucres was in a lyghte garmente, that wythout plyght or wrynkell shewed her bodye as it was, a fayre necke, and the lyght of eyne lyke the bryght sonne, gladsome coũtenaunce and a merye face, her chekes lyke lylyes, medled wyth roses swete and sober as her laughyng, her breast large and the two paues semynge apples, gathered in Venus gardaine mened the courage of the thoucher. Eu-

rialus coulde no longer suffer ye spurre, but forgettyng all fear, & sobernes layde a parte, sayde vnto the woman: Let vs nowe taste of the fruyte of loue, hee pressed her soore, and she to the contrary rested, shewynge howe she cared for her honestye, & that her loue desyred not vyng but onlye woordes and kysses: Unto whyche Eurialus smylyng dyd aunwere. It is known ꝙ hee that I am here or it is not knowne, yf it be knowne there is no manne that wyl not iudge the reaste, yf it bee not knowne, noo moore shal thys be, it is the rewarde of loue, & lette me dye rather thā wante that O but offence quod Lucres. It is offence quod Eurialus not to vse pleasure whā thou mayst, should I forsake suche occasion graūted & desyred so greatlye? and takyng her garmente. The stryuyng woman

man ȳ wolde not be ouercomen,
he ouercame yet dyd he not que-
che the desyre of Venus: but ra-
ther prouoked a greather thyrste,
but Curialus fearing a further
daunger, after he hadde a lyttle
bangetted, departed, somthynge
agaynste her wyl and mynde, and
no mā suspected, because he was
as one of thee portours. As hee
went through the strete. Curia-
lus wondering on him self sayde.
Oh yt the Emperour shuld nowe
mete with me, and knowe me.
What suspecte wold thys garnēt
bringe hym in? ho we wolde he
mocke me. I shuld bee a tale for
euery body, and euer a laughter
for him. Neuer wolde he leue me,
tyll tyme that he knewe all, and
neades tel him I must what this
apparell meaneth, but I wolde
saye ȳ it were for another womā
than thys, for peraeuenture he lo-
ueth

ueth her, & also it were not mete too declare hym my loue, for I woulde neuer so betray Lucres, that hathe both receyued & saued me & thus as he thought he sawe Nisus, Achates, and plinius, and goth afore and was not knowne of them tyll he came home, wheras chaungynge his clothes, vnder colour of other names, he telleth the chaunce of the matter, and as hee remembreth the feare and the Joye so did he in tellyng feare & reioice, and in the middes of his seare, ah fole ẏ I was ꝙ he, I trusted a woman with my hed: so was I not councelled of my fathere, whan he taught me too trust the fayth of no woman, for that they were cruell deceytfull, chaũgeable, & full of dyuers passiõs, & I yll remẽbring the lesson, put my lyfe in a womans hãdes, what yf anie man hadde knowne

me,

me, when I was charged wyth
wheat? what shame what slaun-
der hadde bothe I and myne had
forever? The Emperour wolde
haue refused me, and as lyghte
wadde blamed, myght haue este-
med me what yf her husbãde had
founde me in ỹ closet? The cyuyll
lawe is cruel to adulterers, but
the furoure of the husbãde would
haue had greater payne, the tone
hadde ben but short deathe; the
other, death wyth cruell tormen-
tes, but set case that he hathe fa-
noured my lyfe, at ỹ least he wold
haue bound me, & set me shamed
vnto the Emperoure. ye, though
I had escaped hys hãdes because
hee hadde no weapon, and I had
a sweard by my syde, yet hadde he
a man wyth hym, and weapons
honge at hande vpon the wall, &
there manye seruauntes in the
house, the noyse shoulde haue ry-

sen

len and the doores shyt & I should
haue ben hãdled accordyng. Alas
madde that I was, no wysdome,
but chaunce hathe delyuered me
from thys daunger sorowe for
chaunce, and it was the readye
wytte of her. O trusty womã. O
wyse louer. O noble and excellẽt
loue, why shuld I not trust vnto
the: why should I not truste thy
fayth, yf I hadde a thousande ly-
ues, durst truste the with them al
thou arte faythfull and wyse, &
wysely thou can loue, and healpe
thy louer, who could so sone haue
the waye too auoyde them that
soughte me, as thou hadde: thou
hast saued my lyfe, and I vowe it
vnto thee, the lyfe that I lyue, is
not myne, but thyne, and it shall
not be greuous vnto mee, for the
to lease that by the I haue, thou
hatte the ryght of my lyfe and cõ-
maundement on my deathe. O

fayre

fayre breste. O pleasaunt tongue, O swete eyen, O freshe wittes, O goodly lymmes and well furnyshed, whan shall I see you againe whan shall I byte ỳ same coral lyppe, and here the speche wythin my mouth: shall I neuer handell agayne those rounde breastes: O Achates, it is but lytle that thou haste seene in any woman in cõparyson to thys, the more nearer she is, the more fayrer shee is. Lidia, the fayre wyfe of Cãdalus, the kynge was no fayrer: I wõder not yf hee would shewe her naked vnto Satius for to do him the greater pleasure for on my fayth, yf I myghte, so would I shewe thee this Lady, for el may I not declare vnto the her beauty nor thou perceyue what ioye I had, but reioyce wt me, I beseche the, that my pleasure was greater than can be expressed wyth

wordes.

wordes. Thus talked Eurialus with Achotes, and Lucres wythin her selfe sayde as muche, but so muche lesse was her gladnesse that shee myghte trust none too shewe it vnto, and vnto Iosias she durste not for shame tel al.

IN ỹ meantime a knight called Pacorus, of a noble hous following the Emperour, began to loue Lucres, and because he was fayre & goodly, thought too be beloued, & onlye refused the chastitye of ỹ woman to let him. She as ỹ custō of Italy is, beheld euery body with a lourynge countenaūce, whether it were by disceit or craft, least the true loue shulde appere. Pacorus rageth and can not be i rest tyll he haue felt her minde. The matrones of Sheue went oft to visite ỹ chapel of our lady of Bethel. Hyther was Lucres come

come wyth two maydens and an olde wyfe. Pacorus followed her wyth a violet wyth golde leaues in hys hãde in the stalle where he hadde hydde a letter of loue, written in fyne letters, and haue noo maruaile there of. For cicero sayeth there was shewed hym the hole history of Troy, so fynelye written, that it myghte all haue bene closed i a nut shel. Pacorus offereth the violette too Lucres, recommendyng hym vnto her, & she refuseth it. He delyreth her instãtlye to take it. Take the floure madame quod ỹ olde wyfe, what feare you? there is no peärell, it is but a small thing: wherein peraduenture ye may do the gentel man pleasure. She followed her councell, and tooke the floure, & whanne she hadde gone a lytel waye, she tooke it vnto the toone of her maydens, & shortelye after

they

they mette wyth two scholers, which I wot not how lyghtly obtayned the floure of the mayde, & opening the stalke, founde the pleasaunt letter. Nowe after the matronnes of Scene, had foūde the louers, that the Emperoure brought, & after the Courte was come thyther; these folke were mocked and deceyued, and lyttle esteined; for the clattering of harneys delyted more these women thē eloquence of learnyng Here vppon grewe greate enuye, & the long gowns soughte alwayes howe to lette the courtyers. Thā whan ẏ crafte of the vyolet was knowne, strayghte was Menelaus gone vnto; and desyred to reade the letter being very angry goeth home, blameth hys wyfe, & fylleth all the house wyth noyse. And shee to the cōtrarye denyeth that there is one fautein her, and

tellynge the hole tale, bryngeth the olde wyfe for wytnesse. The Emperoure is goue to, cõplainte is made, Pacorus is called for, & he confesseth the faut asketh forgeuenes & sweareth neuer more to vexe Lucres but ryghte well inewe he that Jupiter rather laugheth, then taketh angerly the periuryng of louers and so the more that he was let ỹ more hee foloweth the vayne flame.

THe winter is come, & the Northwinds had brought doune snows the towne falleth on playnge ỹ wiues cast snow balles into the stretes, and the yong men out of ỹ stretes in theyr windowes. Heare had Pacorus gottē occasiō, & had enclosed in waxe an other letter, & putteth it in a snowe ball, & casting

* * * *

it vnto Lucres wyndowe who wyl not saye ỳ fortune ruleth all thynge? one happy hour is more worth to ỳ, thã if Mars shuld re-cõmende the in his letter too Venus; Some saye ỳ fortune hathe noo powere in wysemenne, I graũte it too suche wyse menne that onlye delyte in vertue: & sufferynge pouertye sycknesse, and pysonne can thyncke theym selfe blessed, whiche one yet I neuer sawe, nor neuer thyncke there was. The cõmone lyfe of menne neadeth fortunes fauoure. Shee whõ she wyl she auaũceth, & whõ shee lysteth, ouerthroweth who hindered Pacorus, but fortune; was it not wyselye hãdeled, in a violettes stalke to hide his letters and nowe agayne too sende hys letter cloced in snowe. woulde anye man saye it mighte be craftyer, so that yf fortune had holpe

he had be iudged crafty, and excel
lently wyse, but contrary chaũce
brought the ball that fell out of
her hand to the fyre, soo that the
snow ones wasted, and the ware
melted, ỹ letters appeared which
bothe an olde womanne ỹ war-
ned her, and Menelaus beynge
by, dyd reade, and there beganne
a newe noyse, whiche Pacorus
dydde not tarye to ercuse, but
went hys waye. This noyse heal-
ped Eurialus, so that it is true ỹ
hath bene sayd: it is hard defen-
dyng that is dyuersly assauted.
The louers awaited for the secõd
maryage, and there was a lytle
strayte lane betwyxte Luceres
house and her neyghbours, by
the whiche settyng his fete vpon
ỹe wall, he had not ouer harde
clymynge to Luceres wyndowe,
but thys myght only be by nyght
Now must Menelaus goo into ỹ
countrey

coũtrey and there must he lye all nyght whyche daye was wayted for of those two louers, as it had ben a Iubile. The good manne is gone, and Eurialus, chaungynge hys clothes, is come into the lane, there hadde Menelaus a stable, wherein by the teaching of Zolias, all the euenyng he laye hydde in the haye, and loo where Dromo came, ỳ was a seruaunte of Menelaus, and hadde rule of hys horses, to fyll the rackes, and hardy by Eurialus syde dyd pulle out hay, and had taken more, and stryke in him with the forche, had not Zolias helped, who whan he sawe thee daũgere, brother quod he geue my thys worke. I shall geue hay to the horses, thou i the meane tyme, looke that ouve supper be redy, we must be merí while our maysters is furth, our mayster is better felowe, thee is me-

rye & liberal, he is angrye, full of noyse, couetous, and harde we are neuer wel whē he is at home se I pray the what lanke belyes we haue, he is hungry hym selfe to sterue vs for hunger: hee wyll not suffer one moyste peece of browne breade to be loste, but the fragmētes of one daye, he kepeth fyue dayes after, & the gobbets of salte fysh & salt eles of one supper, he kepeth vnto an other, and marketh the cut chese, least anye of it shulde be stolē. The fole ẏ by such wretchednes seketh hys ryches for nothynge is more folysh thā to lyue pore for to dye ryche, how muche are we better w̄ our maistres? ẏ feedeth vs not onlye with veale & kidde, but with hennes and byrdes, & plētye of wyne. Go Dromo and make the kytchē smoke, Mary quod Dromo, that shall be my charge, & soner shall

I laye the tables, thanne rub the
horse, I brought my mayster to
the countree to daye that the De-
uyll brelie hys necke, and neuer
spake hee woorde vnto me, but
badde me whã I brought home
my horses, to tell my maystres ỹ
hee woulde not come home too
nyghte but by God quod he, I
prayse the zolias ỹat the last hast
founde faute at my mayſters cõ-
dycions. I had forsaken my may-
ster, yf my maystres had not geuẽ
me mi morowe meles as she hath
lette vs not sleape to night zolia,
but lette vs eate & drynke tyll it
bee daye, my mayster shall not
winne so muche this moneth, as
we shal waste at one supper. Glad
bye dyd Eurialus here this, and
marked the maners of seruãts, &
thought he was serued a lyue, &
whã Dromo was gonne. Euria-
lus arose, & sayd. O happy nyght

that throught thy healpe zosia, I shall haue ẏ haste broughte me hether, and wyselye taken heede that I was not discouered, and thou shalt not see that I shall be vnkynde. The houre was come, and the glad Eurialus, that had passed two daungers clame vp ẏ wal, and at the wyndowe wente in where all thinge was ready, & Lucres by the fyre. She whā she sawher louer, clapsed him in her armes, there was embracyng & kyssyng, and wyth full sayle they folow their lusts and weried Venus, nowe wyth Ceres, and now wyth Bachus was refreshed. Alas, howe longe busynes and howe shorte bee ẏ pleasures skāte hadde Eurialus one glad houre lo where zosias brought woorde that Menelaus was comme, and marred all the plaie. Eurialus maketh hym readye too departe.

¶ Lucres

¶ Lucres whē she hadde hidden the banket, meteth her husband welcommynge hym home. welcome quod she my husbande, by my trouthe quod shee I wened ꝑ thou haddest bene loste in husbā drye what haste thou done in the countrye thus longe? why tarriest thou not at home thou makest mee sadde wyth thyne absence, I feare leaste ꝑ haue some other that thou louest, these husbandes be so false to theyr wiues, yt thou wylte that I shall not mystruste the, neuer slepe oute of my companye, ffor can slepe no nyghte wythoute the but lette vs suppe here and go to bed, they were thā in ꝑ hall, where thei vsed to dyne & she sought for to haue kepte hī there tyll Eurialus had space for to goo his waye, for it requyred sōme leasure, but Menelaus had supped forthe, & hasted to warde

hys

his chāber, Nowe on my fayth & trouth ꝙ Lucres, ẏ arte vnkynde whie diddest thou not rather sup wyth me, because thou was frō hence, I haue eatē noo meate to day and there were here men of the coūtry that brought in maruelous good wyne, as they sayde & yet I tasted not of it, but nowe that thou art come lette vs goo into the celler I beseche the and tast yf the wyne be, as they say, & so hauyng the lāterne in her one hande, pullynge her husbande w the other hād wente into the celler, & soo longe perced thys vessel and that, and supped wyth her husbande, tyll she thought that Eurialus was gonne, and so at the laste wente with her husbād to the euyll pleasaunt bed. ¶ Eurialus in the styll of the nyghte, wēt home. And on the morowe, eyther for that it were necessary

to take

to take hede or for some yl. suspecte: Menelaus walled vppe the wyndowe: I thynke as our Cytezens be suspectuous and full of coniectures: so dyd hee feare the cõmodyte of the place, & woulde eschewe the occasion, for though he knewe nought, yet wyste hee well ỹ she was much desyred and dayly prouoked by great requestes, & iudged a womans thought vnstable, whiche hath as many myndes, as trees hath leues, & ỹ theyr kynde alway is desyrous of newe thynges, and seldom loue they theyr husbands whom they haue obteyned. Therefore dyd he folowe the common opynyon of maried men: too audyde myshap thoughe it come wyth good lucke, so was theyr meting lette, and theyr tẽdynge of letters also stopped, for the Tauerner that dwelte behynde Lucres house.

where

where as Eurialus was wonte to speke wyth her, and geue her letters: at Menelaus perswasiō was putte out by the Aldermen; only remayned the behouldynge of theyr eyene, and wyth beckes the louers saluted eche other, & skāte myght they vse thys vtter moeste poynte of loue, theyr sorowes were greate, and theyr tormētes lyke ẏ death, for they could neyther forget, nor vse their loue. Whyle Eurialus doothe study diligently what auyse hee myghte take in thys mater, hee remēbred Lucres coūcell whyche she wrote vnto hym of Menelaus consyn Pandalus, & dydde as these cunnyng Phisiciās, whose manners is, in daūgerous syckenes to geue indyfferente medecyns and in extreme to vse the last medecins, rather than leue the dysease incuraple. He determyned to go vnto

Pandalus

Pandalus, and folowe that waie that afore he hadde forsaken, and when he had sente for him, called hym into a secrete place. Syt downe quod he my frēde, I must tel the a great thynge that requyreth such thynges as be in the. that is diligence, fayth, and secretnesse. I would erre nowe haue shewed it the, but I knewe the not, nowe I doo know the, and because thou art an honest faithfull man, I loue the and entrete the, soo that I knewe nothynge els, it is ynoughe ẏ thy neyghebours prayse the, & my fellowes to, wyth whome thou haste entred frenschypp, and who and of what sorte thou arte, they haue toulde me, of whom I haue learned that thou desyrest my frendschyppe, whiche I promyse nowe vnto the, for thou arte as well worthye myne, as I am thyne.

Nowe

Nowe for bycause amonge frendes a thyng is done in fewe wordes, what I woulde, I wyll shewe the. Thou knowest howe the kynde of man is prone vnto loue, whether it bee vertue or vice, it reygneth euery where, nor no hart there is of flesbe ẏ somtyme hath not felt the pryckes of loue. Thou knowest that neither the wyse Salomone, nor the strong Sampson hathe eschaped from thys passyon. Furthermore the nature of a kyndeled harte & of a folyshe loue is this, the more it is lette, ẏ more I bourne with nothynge soner is thys dysease healed, thā wyth the obtayning of the loued. Manye there hath bene, both in our tyme & in oure elder to whome theyr let hathe bene cause of cruell deathe, and agayne manye afther the thinge obtayned, haue lefte too rage, no

thyng

thynge is better when loue is crepte into the bones thā to geue place to the rage, for who so stryueth agaynste the tempest, oft tymes suffreth wracke & who dryueth wyth the storme escapeth. This I tell ẏ for that thou shalte knowe mee loue, & what for my sake thou muste doe, & thē what profytte thou shalt haue thereby I wyll shewe the all, for nowe I reaken ẏ as one part of my harte. I loue Lucres, and trulye Pādalus it is not by my faut, but by ẏ gouernaūce of fortune: in whose hādes is the hole worlde that we inhabyte. The customes of the countrey were vnknowen to me, I thoughte your wemen hadde felte in their hartes that thei sheweth wyth theyr eyene, and that hath deceyued me, for I thought Lucres hadde loued me, because she behelde me pleasantlye & I agayne

gayne began to loue her, for I thought such a lady was not vn meete to bee beloued for loue, & yet dyd I not knowe ỹ, nor none of thy kynne. I loued and wened to haue bene loued, who is so stonye harte (beynge loued) ỹ dothe not loue (But after I sawe I was deceyued least) mi loue shuld be vayne) wt all maner of wayes I assayed too kyndell her wyth lyke and lyke eye, for I bourned and pitcouslye wasted and swame and trouble of my mynde daye and nighte dyd marueloustie tor mete me, and I was soo tangled, that wyth no wayes I coulde escape, and at the laste I contynued so lõg, ỹ the loue of vs both lyke pearyshe, nor we se no remedy too oure lyues, but oilly thy healpe, her husbande keepeth her in his chãber. The waker dragon dyd neuer keepe so well the golde

fleece

fleece: nor Cerberus the entre of hel, as Lucrez is kept I knowe your kynrede, and also I knowe that ye are noble and ryche, and amonge the best of thys towne be loued but who can wythstãde destenye: halas Pãdalus it was not by my choyce, but by chaũce and thus standeth this matter, it is as yet secrete but wythoute it be wel guyded, it is lyke, as God forbyd, to brede a great myschefe. I peraduenture myghte apeace my selfe, yf I went from hence, whiche though it were greuous vnto me, I woulde do for your families, if I thought that shoulde healpe, but well I knowe her rage, eyther she woulde folowe me or els yf she were constrayned to tarye, woulde kyll her selfe, whiche woulde bee vnto youre house a perpetuall dishonoure. That I sente for you, is for your

cause to wythstande these mys-
cheues, nor there is none other
waie but ỹ ỹ wylt be gouernour
of our loue, that the dissembled
fyre maye be secreate. I recom-
mende. I geue, and I bowe me
holy vnto the be diligẽte in this
furoure, leaste wyple it be lette,
it flame the more, do so muche ỹ
we maye mete together, and so
shall the heate bee allaied, and
made more sufferable, thou kno-
west the waies of the house, thou
knowest when the good manne
is absent, thou knowest howe to
bryng me in, but Menelaus bro-
ther must bee hadde oute of the
waye, whyche wayteth euer dil-
gẽtly for these matters, & kepeth
Lucres in steade of her brother, &
marketh dilygently her wordes,
her lookes, her countenaũce, her
spittynges her coughes, her lau-
ghes, and eche thyng he consyde-
reth,

reth, him must I deceyue, and it cannot be wythout the. Healpe therfore I beseche the, and whan her husbande Menelaus is from home, aduertise me, and hys brother that tarryeth, bringe theym out of ẏ waye ẏ he neyther take hede to her, nor set none other kepers, ouer her, whiche, yf ẏ wylt vndertake, and healpe me as my trust is in the, al is safe, for thou mayst prynelye, whyle the other be faste in sleape, lette me in, and ease our furyous loue, what profyte shal ensue of thys I thynke ẏ vnderstandest by the discrecyō. For fyrst thou shalt saue the honour of the house, & hide the loue that in no wyse can be publyshed wythout your shame. Secōdlye ẏ shalte saue thy cosen in lawes lyfe, and also to Menelaus saue a wyfe, too whome it shal not be so hurtful that shee were myne

for one nyght (no man knowyng of it) as yf he shoulde lese her, all the worlde wondering, whan she shoulde folowe me. Dyuers women folowed their louers, what if she determined to folowe me: what dyshonour shuld it be too your kynne: what mocke among people: what shame as well to al the towne as to you: some wold peraduenture say put her to deeth rather thā she shoulde doe thus, but woo be vnto hym that tyeth hym with bludshedding, and remedieth one fault by a greater. Wyscheuousnes be not to be encreased but too bee lessed, of two good thynges, wee knowe ỹ best is to be chosen, & of a good and of an ylle, the good, and of two ylles the least. Euerye waye is daungerous, but thys ỹ I shewe ỹ, is leaste perylous, by which ỹ shalt not only helpe thine own bloud, but

but also me that am almoost out of my wytte to se Lucres suffre as she doth for me: who I would rather did hate me, thā I would entreate the but thus it is and at thys poynte, and wythoute thy crafte, thy wytte and thy diligence ỹ thyp be guyded there remayneth no hope of healthe. Helpe therfor bothe her and me, and saue thy house from shame, and thynche not that I wyll bee vnkynde, thou knowest I may doe wyth the Empyroure, and what thou wylte, I wyll gette the graūted, and thys I promyse the on my faythe thou shalt bee an Earle by patent, and all thy posteritye shall inioye ỹ same tytle, I commit vnto the both Lucres we, our loue & fame the honoure of thy kynne, I truste vnto thy fayth, thou art the arbyte, & all these be in thyne handes: Take

hede nowe what dost, for lyke as thou mayst saue, so mayst ẏ spyl.
¶ Pandalus when he heard this smyled & after a lytle pause, sayd (Al this haue I knowne quod he Eurialus, and wolde God it had not happened, but nowe as thou sayest: it is at that poynt that I must nedes doo as thou byddest me excepte I wold shame all our kyn and rayse a great slaunder: The woman in dede brenneth, & hath no power ouer her selfe, & wout I healpe, she wil sle her self w̄ some knife, orbreke her necke oute of some wyndowe, neyther careth she for her honour not for her flie, she hath toulde me her desyre, I haue blamed her, I haue busyed me to quence the flame, & all ī vaine, she careth for nought but for the, thou art alwayes in her mynd, the she wysheth, the shee desyreth, and the only shee

thinketh

thynketh vpon, often tymes cal-
lynge mee by thy name, so is the
womanne chaunged by loue,
that she semeth not the same.
Halas what pytye and what so-
rowe, there was none in all the
town moze chaste oz moze wyser
then Lucres. It is a maruelous
thynge yf nature haue geuē loue
suche lawe ouer thee myndes of
menne. Thys dissease muste bee
healped, & with none other cure,
than thou haste shewed, I wyll
goo aboute thys byslynes, and
whanne tyme is, I shall warne
the, noz I seeke noo rewarde of
ỹ, it is not the office of an honest
manne to aske thāke where none
is deserued. I do it do auoyde the
fame of our house, & if thou take
any benefyte therby I am not
therfoze to be reward. Yet quod
Eurialus foz all that I thancke
the, and as I sayde, I promyse

the to cause the to be made Erle, & refuse not hardly this honour. I refuse it not quod Pandalus, but I woulde nat it shuld come by this meanes, if it commelette it come, I wyll nothynge doe by couenaunte, yf I myghte haue done it by vnknowne to the, that thou myght haue bene with Lucres, I wolde gladly haue done it. Farewell, and thou allo quod Curialus, nowe that thou haste geuen me comforte, make fayne, fynde, or doe by some meanes, ỳ we maie be together. Thou shalt prayse me quod Pãdalus, and he departed ful glad that he hadde entred in Curialus grace. Hopig to be an Earle, whereof hee was more desyrous, in as muche as he shewed leaste, for there be manye men, so women lyke, that whan they say most nay, they woulde fayneste, he hathe gotten by furtheraunce

theraunce of loue the name of an Earle and hys posteriars shal bewe for theyr noblenes agylted bull.

NOt longe after ther was afray in the coũtry among Menelaus husbandmen, and dyuers of them that hadde dranke ouermuch, were slayn, wherfore Menelaus must go forth too set good order in these maters too whom Lucres, said, husbãd thou art heauy & weake, and thy horse goeth hard, borowe therfore some ambeling horse. And whan he asked where he myght borow any Mary quod Pandalus Eurialus had a very goood one, and sure he wyl gladly lend hym the, yf thou wylte I shall aske hym. Doe quod Menelaus, and Eurialus assone graũted as he was

delyred,

delyred, takyng it for a good to-
ken, & to him selfe sayde, yf thou
leape vppon my horse, I shall do
the same vnto thy wyfe. Nowe
the couenaunt was that at fiue
of ỳ clocke Eurialus shuld waite
in the strete, and shoulde hoope
well yf he harden Pãdalus sing:
Menelaus was gone, and thee
cloudy night had couered the he-
uen Lucres taryed her tyme in
her chambre, & Eurialus was a-
fore the doore, and taryed thee
token, but he neither harde him
synge nor spytte, the houre was
past, Achates meued him too de-
parte. It was hard to departe, &
ymagyned nowe one cause now
another. Pandalus sang not be-
cause menelaus brother was left
there, ỳ soughte eche corner for
feare of deceytes, and waked all
the whyle. To whome Pãdalus
sayde, shall we not goo too bedde
thys

this nyght, & I am wonderous
slepy, I wōder of the yͤ art a yong
man, and lyke on olde manne, to
whom dzynes taketh away slepe
thou neuer doo ste slepe, but be-
foze day whā other men do ryse.
Lette vs goo to bedde too what
purpose do we watche: Lette vs
go ȳ Agemennō, yf thou wylte,
but lette vs looke fyzst to yͤ dozes
yf they be wel shutte foz doubt of
theues. And whan he was come
to yͤ doze, he pute to it, nowe one
locke, nowe another, & bolted it.
There was a great barre of yzon
that scāte two coulde lyfte wher
wyth the doze was neuer shut,
wh;ch whā Agamennon coulde
not but to, delyzed healpe. Thou
shuttest the doze quod Pandalus
as yf the house shuld be beseged,
are we not in a sure city: we are
at liberty in this towne, & quyet
nes is come to vs all. The flo-
rentynes

centynes our enemyes w̄ whom we haue warre be farre hēce. If ȳ dzede enemyes thys house can not healpe vs I wyll this nyght lyfte nos burdons, my shoulders ake, and I am soze bruised within I am not mete foz the burden, therfoze lyfte thou thy selfe, oz let it alone. Wel then quod Agamennon it is ynough, and went to bed. Then quod Eurialus, I wyll tary here thys houre to se peraduēture yf anye body do appere. Achates that was with Eurialus was wery of so longe tarying, & pzeuely cursed Eurialus whiche had kepte him so lōg frō sleape, yet they taryed not longe after, but they sawe Lucres thzough a czeues, carying a light in her hande. Towarde whō Eurialus wēt, & sayd god spede quod he my dere hart Lucres and shee beyng a feard, woulde haue gone

her

her waye, but thā remēbring her
selfe what man arte ỹ quod she ỹ
calest me? I thyne Eurialus am
here quod he, opē the doze my de-
lite, I haue taried here half this
nyght. Lucres at the last knewe
his voyce, but because she feared
deceyte, she durste not opē tyll she
knewe same token that it was he,
& so wyth greate labour shee re-
moued ỹ lockes but because there
were many fastenynges too the
doze that a womās stregth coulde
not vndo, she opened it but halfe
a foote wide. Good ynough quod
Eurialus, & stretchyng hym selfe
at last gat in & taketh her in hys
armes. Achates watched wout.
Lucres, eyther for feare or for
Joye swowned in Eurialus ar-
mes, & her strenght fayling wyth
pale face semed all readye dead,
but that her pulce & hete remay-
ned. Eurialus wyth the sodeyne
chaunce

chaunce affeared, wyst not what
to do, if I go hence thought he, ỹ
faut of her death shal be in me to
leue a womanne in such daũger,
if I tarye, Agamenon or some
of the house shal come, and thã I
am vndone. Alas vnhappi loue ỹ
hast in the more gal, than hony ỹ
bytter wormewod is no more
soure thã thou arte What daun-
gers hast ỹ al redy put mee in? w
how many dethes hast thou tyte
tened my hed? and hast thou lefte
me nowe too haue a woman dye
in myne armes? why hast ỹ not
rather slayne me? why hast thou
not torne me w lions. Alas how
much had it bene ỹ I had dyed in
her lappe, thã she in my bosome?
Loue had ouercom the man. and
regardyng not hys owne helth,
taryed with the womanne, & lif-
ting vppe her bodie al be moysted
wyth teres kyssed her. Alas Lu-

cres

eres yͤ he, where art yͤ be come? where bee thyne eares? why answereſt thou? not whye hereſt yͤ not? open thyne eyes. I beſeche the loke vpō me, ſmile on me as thou art wont thy Eurialus is hear, he doth embrace the, whye doſt yͤ thus trouble me? I wōder arte thou gone, or dooſt yͤ ſlepe? where ſhall I ſeke the? yf yͤ woldeſt dye, whye dydeſt thou not warne me that I myghte haue dyed with the? yf thou wylte not heare me, my ſwoꝛd ſhal ſtraight open my ſyde, and we ſhal booth dye at ones. Ah my lyfe, my darlynge, my delyte, my only hoppe, and my hole healthy, ſhall I thus leſe the? open thine eyene lyft vp thy head, thou art not yet ded, I fele thou art warme, and thy breathe is yet in the, whye dooſte yͤ not ſpeake to me? dooſte

thou

thou receiue me of this sort: dooste
ÿ call me to such pastyme: dooste
thou gyue me such a nyght: Rise
I beseche the my dere hart, looke
on thy Eurialus I am here and
wyth that word the stoud of hys
teres flusshed so vppon her face,
that as wyth droppes of water ÿ
woman awaked out of her slepe,
and seynge her louer. Alas quod
she Eurialus, where haue I ben:
why dydest thou not suffer me to
dye: happlie had I dyed in thi ar-
mes, & would god I might so dye
eare thou shuld departe ÿ towne.
Thus talckynge together, they
wente into the chamber, where
they had suche a nyghte, as wee
iudge the two lours Paris & He-
lena had after he had take̅ her a-
way, and it was vnto the̅ so plea
saunt, that they thoughte Mars
and Venus hadde neuer none
such, thou arte quod Lucres my
Gani-

Ganimedes, my ypolitus, my Diomedes. Thou art quod Eurialus my Polereno, my emly, ye & Venus her self, and her mouth and now her eyene, and now her chekes he kysseth, and somtyme casting doun the clothes, he sawe suche beautye as he neuer afore saw. I haue found more quod he than I wened, suche a one sawe Acteon of Diana, whanne she bathed her in the fountayne what is moore pleasaunter or more fayrer than these limmes, nowe haue I bought them wyth pearyll, but what thing shuld I not haue suffred for the? O fayre necke, & pleasaunt brestes, is it you ẏ I touche? is it you that I haue? are ye in my hādes? O round lymmes, O swete bodye, haue I the in my armes? Nowe where doth pleasāte in the freshnesse of my ioye, that no displeasure myghte here after

hurte it. Do I holde the or do I
dreme? O pleasaunte kysses, Oh
dere embrachinges, O swete by-
tynges, no man lyuinge is more
happye than I, or more blessed.
But alas howe swyfte be these
houres? Thou spitefull nyghte,
why goest ÿ awaie? abide Apollo
& tarye vnder the earth, whi dost
ÿ so sone put thy horse in to thee
chayre? let them repast, geue me
this nyght as ÿ diddest to Alcme-
na, why doest thou Aurora leaue
so sone the bed of Titan, yf thou
were as pleasaunt vnto hym as
Lucres is to me, he wold not suf-
fer the to aryse so earlye. Neuer
sawe I so shorte a nyght, yet ha-
ue I bene in Britayne & in Den-
marke, thus said Eurialus, & Lu
cres sayde no lesse, nor suffered
not one kysse not one worde too
passe vnrecõpẽced. Ye strayned, &
we strained, & whã they had done
they

they were not wearye, but as Athens, rose frō the grounde strōger, soo after battell were they more desyrous of warre. The nyghte ended whan aurora toke from the Ocean her dewe here, he departed & longe after might not retourne, by thee dayelye watche that was put vnto her, but loue ouercame all thynge, & at laste they foūde waie for their meting, whiche long whyle they vsed.

IN the mean time the Emperour that al redy was reconcyled to Eugenius, determyne to go to Rome. This dyd Lucres perceyue, for what is that ẏ loue knoweth not? or who can deceyue a louer one therfor Lucres wrote thus vnto Eurialus.

IF my mynde could be wroth toward the, I wolde now be

angrye with the, for that thou
haste dissembled thy departynge
but it loueth the better thē me,
and may for no cause be meued
againste the. Alasse my hert, why
hast thou not told me of the Em-
perours departure hee maketh
him redy toward hys iourney &
I know ꝑ shalt not tary behinde
alas what shall become of me,
what shal I do poze womā, wher
shall I reast, yf thou do forsake
me, my life lasteth not two dayes
for these letters therefore moy-
sted wyth my teares, and for thy
ryghthande, and thy promysed
faith yf euer I haue deserued any
thyng of the, or yf euer thou hast
had anye delite by me, haue pyty
on thy vnhappy louer. My desire
is not that thou shuldest tary but
that thou shouldest take me with
the, I wyl make as I woulde go
in the euenyng to Bethlē, & take

but

but one old womã wyth me. Let two or thre of thy seruauntes be ther, & by force take mee awaye. It is noo greate payne too take one awaye that wolde be gone, nor thynke it noo shame, for Paris the sonne of a kynge dyd lyke wyse, and ÿ shalte doe noo wrõge vnto my husbande, for hee shall algates lease mee, for yf it be not by thi takyng, it shal be by death but I am sure thou wylte not be so cruell to leaue mee behynde to dye, that euer hath made more of the than of my selfe. Farewel my onlye trust To whome Eurialus aunswered after this facion.

HEtherto haue I hydde fro the my Lucres, my depar-
* *tynge, because thou shouldest not tourmẽte the ouermuch afore the tyme, I knowe thy condicios, and vnder what manner

thou sorowest, but ỹ Emperour departeth not so that he shal not returne, and whan we shall retourne frō Rome, this is in oure waye to our contrey, and if so be ỹ Emperour wyl goo anie other waye, yf I lyue thou shalte se me retourne let god neuer suffer me to come into my countreye, but make me wanter lyke Vlyxes, if I come not hether, comfort thy selfe therfore my dear hert & be of good cheare, bee not sad, but rather liue merely. Thou sayest thi takynge awaye shoulde bee thee greatest plealure that coulde bee to me, it is trouthe, and greater delyte I coulde not haue, thā the alwais at my delire: But I must rather take hede to thy honoure than to my luste, for the fayth ỹ thou berest vnto me, bindeth me to geue the such faythfull counseyl as shulde bee mete for the.

Thou

Thou knowest thou art maryed into a noble famílye, and haste ỹ name of a ryght beautyfull and chaste Lady, & it is not only in Italye, but aswell in Teutonia, Panonia. Bohemia, and all the worthye partyes. so that if I take the awaye (beyde my shame ỹ for thy sake I set lytle by (what dyshonour shuldest thou do to all thy frendes? what sorowe we shulde thy mother take? what shulde be then spoken of ỹ? what rumoure shoulde all the worlde heare of the? Lo, Lucres that was called more chast thē ỹ wyfe of Brutus & better thā Penelope, folowech an adultherer not remembringe neyther her parentes nor countreye, it is not Lucres, but Ippia, or Medea ỹ folowed Jason. Halas what grefe shulde it be to me to here suche thīges of ỹ? our loue is yet secret, there is no

that dyspraiseth the. Thy taking awaye shulde marre all, nor thou were not so praysed as thou shuldest then be blamed, But besides our honour howe wer it possible that we shuld vse our loue? I serue the Emperoure, he hath made me riche and of great power, and I cannot departe frō hym without the losse of my state, so that if I shulde leaue him, I coulde not conuenientlye entertayne the, if I shuld contynuallye folow the court, we haue no reast, euerye day we chaunge places. The Emperoure hath taryed no where so longe as he hathe doune here, & that because of warre, so that if I shoulde carye the aboute wyth me, and haue the in my Tent as a folower of the feelde, what repreue and shame shuld it be bothe to the and me? For these causes I beseache ỹ my Lucres put away

thys

thys mynde and remember thy
honour, and flatter not rather
thy rage than thy selfe: Another
louer peraduẽture wolde other-
wyse counsel the, and desyre the
to ronne thy way, that he might
abuse the as long as he myght,
nothyng regardyng what shulde
be fall of it, while he myght sati-
fye hys appetite, but he were no
true louer that wolde regarde ra
ther his own lust, than thi fame.
I councell the my Lucres for the
best, tary heare. I beseche the and
doubte not in mi retourne: what
so euer the Emperour hath to do
heare, I wil sue to haue it cõmit-
ted vnto me, ỹ I maye accõpanye
with the wythout daunger. Fa-
rewel liue & loue me, and thincke
my fyre noo lesse thã thine owne,
& moost contrarye to my mynde
I departe. Farewel agayne the
delyte and fode of my lyfe.

With

Wyth these letters the woma somwhat had appesed her selfe, and aunswered that she woulde folowe his councell.

Shortlye after Eurialus wente too Rome with the emperoure, wher he had not ben lōg, but he was sycke of an hote ague. The poore vnhappy man whē he was burnyng in loue, began also to burn in sycknes, & when loue had wasted hys strēght by dolour and of the dysease, little remayneth of his life and that spirit was rather entertaigned with Physyciōs, thā taried of it selfe. The Emperour visyted hym daylye, comfortyng hym as his sonne, and commaūded that he shulde haue all cure of medecynes that myghte be, but none was of more effecte for hys remedye, then a letter from

Lucres.

Lucres, wherby hee vnderstode her helth, which somewhat minisheth hys sychenes, & made hym recouer hys fete, so that he was at the coronacion of the Emperour, & there was made knyght. After thys whā the Emperoure went too Perusia, he taryed at Rome, and frō thence wente too Scene, all thoughe he were but yet weke and verye grene of hys sycknes but he myghte only beholde Lucres, and not speke to her. Many letters wēt betwyxt thē, & agayne there was practysyng for her goynge awaye, thys dayes dyd Eurialus tary there, & whē he saw no maner of wayes to come to her, ỳ as thē was taūē from hym hee dyd aduertise hys lady of his departyng but neuer had they such plesur in theyr cō-uersacyō as they had displeasur in theyre departynge. Lucres

was

was in her wyndowe when Eu-
rialus ryd through the strete, and
wyth theyr moyste eyen the one
behelde the other, he wept & shee
wept, and bothe wer destrayned
with greuous doloures, as they
that felte theyr hartes tourne of
theyr places. If any mā doth not
know ẏ dolour of death let hym
cōsider the departyng of two lo-
uers, whiche hath more heuynes
and more painfull tormēte. The
soule suffreth in death, for that it
parte frō the beloued bodye and
the bodye (the soule ones depar-
ted) suffereth not but whanne
two mindes, bee ioyned together
so muche is the diuision more
full in so muche as the delyte of
eyther of them is more sencyble,
and surelye heare was not two
myndes, but surelye as weneth
Aristophanes one soule in two
bodies so departed not one mind
from

from another, but one loue & one
mynde was in two deuyded, & the
harte suffred particion. Parte of
the mynde wente & part remay-
ned and all the sences were disper
pled and playned too departe frō
theyr owne selfe. Nor one droppe
of bloude remained in the louers
faces, but only teares & beway-
linges, and very death apered in
theyr vysages who maye wryte
or declare, to thinke the greefes of
those mindes, but he ỹ hath ones
in hys life bene lyke wyse mad.
Laodomya, whan Protheſilaus
wēt to ỹ siege of Troy, sowned,
& whan she knewe of hys deathe,
dyed. Dido, after the predestinate
departynge of Eneas, slewe her
selfe. And Percia wolde not lyue
after Brutus deathe. But thys
our Lucres, after Eurialus was
out of her syght, sallynge too the
earthe, was taken vp by her mai-
dens

dens, & layde in her bede & when she came to her selfe all purple & goldē clothes, & glad apparell she layde a parte, and ware dysplea-saunt tawny & neuer after was harde synge or seene laughe, nor by no sportes, no ioye, nor myrth myghte euer be reconforted, in which cōdicion whē she hadde a lytle whyle cōtinued, she fell into sychnes & because her harte was absētе, the mynde woulde receyue no consolacyon, and at ỳ laste betwyxte the armes of her much wepyng mother (dsynge vayne cōfortable woordes) she gaue vp the werped goost, dysdaynynge the sorowfull lyfe.

Eurialus after he had passed the sight of those ein ỳ shuld neuer again se hym: neuer spake to any bodye in hys iour-ney, but caryed onlye Lucres in

hys

hys mynde, and thought busilye yf he myghte retourue, & at last came vnto the Emperour at Perusia, and wente wyth hym too Ferrar, to Mantua, to Tridēte, to Constantia, and to Basyle, & so into Hungery, & to Bohemy. But lyke as he folowed the Emperour so dyd Lucres folow him in hys slepe and sustred hym no nightes rest, whō whē he knewe hys true louer to be deed meued by extreme dolour cloted him in mournyng apparell, and vtterly excluded all cōsorte, & yet though the Emperour gaue hym in mariage a right noble and excellente Ladye, yet he neuer enioied after, but in conclusyon pitifully wasted his painful lyfe.

*

Le. A

Le. A. to the Reder.

BI thys lytle thou mayst perceyue my frēd
the end of loue not fayned nor fortunable
By which right playnly thou mayst entend
That loue is no pleasur, but a pain pardurable
And the end is deth which is most lamentable
Therfore ere thou be chayned wyth such care
By others peryls, take hede and beware.
Fyrst by Eurialus, by whome perceyue thou
The best it is, to eschue shortelye (maist
To drynke of the cup, or of it to toste
That fauoured more of gall than of hony
Also I coulde shewe the hystoryes of many
That yf they by tyme had made resystence
they myght haue eschued all such incōuenience
There was also the noble Troylus
Whych all hys lyfe, abode in mortall payne
Delayed by Cresyde whose hystory is pyteous
Tyll at the last Achylles had hym slayne
Yet other there be, whych in this careful chaine
Of loue haue contynued, all theyr lyfe dayes
death was their end, there was non other waies
We redde also Piramis and thysbe
Whych slew them selfe by theyr feruent loue,
Of Hercules, and of the fayre ioyle
Wyth many other, whiche I coulde not attaine
And of Dido, whiche wyth her selfe stroue
For loue of Eneas whā she coulde not attaine
Tyll at the laste she had her selfe slaine.
Yet coulde I shewe you of many other mo
Yf leyser not wanted, but now I let is pas
Whiche by theyr loue were constrayned also
To mortal death more pitye alas
therfore thys boke in Englysh drawe was
For an example, therby to eschew
the paynes of loue, ere after they it rewe.

Finis.

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